GENERAL CHARLES KING. Copyright, 1902, by G. W. Dillingbam

Company. . . .

A STORY OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC

CHAPTER XII. "IN THE TEETH OF THE BRIGADE." Once more the Badger-Hoosier brigade was swinging away southwestward. For the sixth time in less than a year the men of the "Black Hats," at the head of column, had picked their way over the stoneribbed pike, saying opprobrious things of Virginia path masters. An impudent lot were these fellows in the imitation "Kossuths." Marvelously snappy and precise in drill, steady on parade, enduring on the march and reasonably respectful toward their own officers (who were the only ones in the division to dop and habitually wear the full-dress headgear of the regular service), the rank and file were blessed with not a little soldler skepticism as to the value or stability of other commands in and out of the brigade, and a calmly critical attitude toward officers other than those of their selection. They had not been overwell content with their original field and staff, and for lack of leaders of that rank had become somewhat split up at first Bull Run, fighting sturdily all the same by company or squad to the fag end, and never knowing they were whipped when finally "herded" off the field. Now, however, they had men at their head--colonel, lieutenant colonel and major-by whom they positively swore and on whose skill and valor they would have banked their last cent. Yet, with all their regard for these, their honored leaders, it must be owned the Black Hats gave them lots of trouble. They would guy the rest of the brigade and lord it generally over the whole division, only one other regiment of which had as yet faced the foe in battle. They had a curious defect of vision when "outside" officers happened along, and were forever being complained of as failing to "render honors," whereat they were heard on more than one occasion unblushingly to declare they saw, but didn't suppose the strangers could be omcers. They were preternaturally keen sighted as sentries toward men of other regiments "running guard" or smuggling contraband of war, and were correspond ingly blind when the culprit was of their own complexion. They prided themselves on their regimental knowledge of guard duty, and had won widespread fame and deserved malediction by the exploit of relleving every mother's son of the sentries of one of Baldy Smith's pet regiments, replacing each in turn by a duly authenti-

cated yet entirely unauthorized guards-

man of their own choosing, who promptly

deserted post and sneaked off home, while

the luckless relief itself was headed away

through the darkness, a ship without a

rudder, a squad of tweive without a com-

mander, and left to its own devices to pitch

and flounder and curse through ditches un-

til brought up standing by a stone wall and

the discovery that there was no corporal.

Preceding, as did these Badgers, the regu-

lar relief by only five minutes, and pro-

vided with the same countersign, dress and

equipment, there was really nothing par-

ticularly brilliant or hazardous in their ac-

complishment of this feat. It was the sub-

lime impudence of the thing that made it

remarkable. They were probably the best-

drilled and positively the worst-hated reg-

iment in the whole division-and relished

one distinction quite as much as the other

-when they were marching this third time

on Manassas, and the little West Pointer

in saddle at their head thanked God that

at last he had them where, with work

against a common foe, there was possibil-

ity of keeping them out of mischief. Centerville had been passed, Bull run recrossed, and Bristoe reached-a point beyond their previous explorations. Then back had they to go to meet a threatened raid on their railway communications, and, that matter settled, again were they trudging through the well-remembered wood roads when, as a turn of the way brought their foremost company in full view of the fine sweep of country off to the west, the gray-bearded colonel, for the time commanding the brigade, reined out to the right for a look at his men, and his tall, born-soldier of an adjutant rode alongside the black-bearded, dark-featured, stocky little leader of the Black Hats, pointed with his gauntleted hand to the blue curtain of the Bull Run range, and remarked: "I'd give a good deal to know just what that fellow Jackson's doing behind that screen to-day."

asked O'Connor, shortly. Banks has turned his whole force back reinforce them. Why, we've got enough take cayuh of himself-an' thenmen there to eat 'em alive-Jackson and

"First catch your rabbit," said the adjutant, musingly. "Old Stonewall knows every footpath in the valley-every path through the mountains. He'll trick Banks and Frement, sure's you're born, colonel.

Then we'll have a shy at him." "May the Lord grant it," was the pious answer, as the colonel looked wistfully away toward the little rift in the dark ridge, where, ten miles distant, lay Thoroughfare gap, the best and shortest route to the Shenandoah-the gap through which, the only brainy one in that family, genfatal effect, to pour his columns on the Union flank and rear. How little the ville just as easy." speaker dreamed what that day was to

bring forth! It was a moist afternoon. The sun at intervals streamed hotly on the spongy earth. Mr. Ferguson into his scrape, do you?" Little wreaths of vapor here and there drifted slowly into space. The men in the marching column, heavily burdened with bulging knapsack and double blanket and get still another out of a bad fix-'less I'm the long Springfield over their burly shoul- mistaken. Why, general, you jus' ought to ders, whipped off their hats and swept the | heuh Judge Armistead talk about that girl. coat sleeve over their dripping brows, peer- He says half the men in Albemarle, univering curiously at the old colonel sitting sity and all, were in love with her when sturdily in saddle and watching their array. | the war broke out, and the judge has a He had but scant retinue, this acting brig- mighty pretty daughter of his own, too. I adier, and had sent his right bower ahead rather hoped some of our cavalry might be to show the Black Hats where to camp for pushin' out toward Hopewell to-night. Ain't

the night, while he studied the wearying | Colonel Bayard somewhere out that way? regiments as they issued from the wood. | Hullo! There's a shot!" The march had been long and heavy. The men, despite much recent tramping to and fro, were still a trifle soft from the months | the patches and thickets of scrub oak and of comparative inaction. He had seen fel- pine, the scattering advance guard had lows in better physical trim in the Mexican | suddenly met swift-galloping lads in gray. war days, but none that gave better promise of splendid work when once they set- dozen shots-carbines-and the answering tled down to business. A grim smile stole over his grizzled face as his own old bat- as yet, Badger afoot and Virginian in sadtallon came striding forth in the wake of die were saluting each other, and the men, the "Scoffing Second." Then the kindly trudging by fours along the winding roadeyes clouded with something like displeas- way, threw up their heads and picked up ure at sight of a tall, rather lanky civilian | their heels, a thrill of excitement quivering on a decrepit gray, riding with the lieuten- through the column. Well out to the front ant colonel commanding. He had seen the a bugle sounded some lively call, and, man before many a mile from the spot and | spurring full gallop from the rear, the tall more than a week away. "How came you adjutant went bending and twisting away here?" he asked, as the civilian ambled out among the trees until out of sight ahead. of the column and touched his worn hat and then his powerful voice came ringing

"My place is just over yahnduh, colonel. | quick!" P'haps you doan' remember my comin' to you with a pass, back o' Fairfax," and the tall stranger looked confidingly into the ahead along the roadway, for there came a grizzled, sun-burned face. "Been in to crackle of shots-the bark of the cavalry Alexandria, yo' know, for supplies. Wagon | weapon, the saucy pop of a revolver somewent sho'ht cut by stone bridge." "E know." said the colonel, gloomily, "and the column, then a shrill burst of cheers ing.

that's the way you should have gone. What

are you doing here at Manassas?" "Mo' supplies, colonel," grinned he of the gray mount. "The commissary gave me'n ohdah for sugah and coffee from hyuh. I was just passing the time o' day with the colonel when I caught sight o' you, suh,' and conciliation beamed in the native's artless face.

"Then you'll be asking for somebody to help you 'tote' it over to the stone house, I suppose. You told me that was your place," growled the colonel, in manifest dissatisfaction.

"Oh, no, colonel! We ain't stoppin' there now. Th' old place is too leaky for one thing, an' we're livin' way over near Hopewell so long's this fightin's goin' on. I reckon I'll stop hyuh at the Junction tonight an' go on to-mawrrow."

"I reckon that's just what you'll have to do, sir," said the colonel, shortly, "as this brigade camps here, and you'd get into trouble with our pickets if you rode out.' "Lawd love you, colonel! I'd just as lief spend a week with you if t'want that I'd promised to get a lot of truck over to old Judge Armistead at Hopewell." Then, keenly studying the veteran's face, he suddenly added: "Ain't Colonel Bayard's cavalry out there?"

"Ask me no questions, my friend, and I'll tell you no lies," was the wary answer. "General McDowell's pass compels me to let you ride along with the column, but doesn't require me to post you as to our movements. You know too much now to be traveling toward Jackson's people, andhave you shown that pass to the division commander?"

"Why, it was he who got it for me," answered the Virginian, placidly. "It was I that took him Lieutenant Benton's pistol and told him of his capture. What's more, I'm 'specting to get further news of the lieutenant. Why, hyuh comes the general now, and 'f you don't mind, colonel, I reckon I'll ride with him a piece."

Graybeard glanced half angrily over his shoulder. A few yards north of the road there was a barren little eminence, on the crest of which there had suddenly appeared the division commander with two of his staff. Unslinging their field glasses, they seemed for a moment studying the westward lowlands, then came trotting swiftly toward the column. With soldierly salute the colonel faced the party, as though he knew that orders were in the wind, and his intuition proved correct.

"Colonel, there are scattered parties of cavalry out there, coming swift this way, too-out north of Bristoe-between that and Gainesville. They don't seem to be watching the column, either. Send one regiment out along the Gainesville road as far as Bethlehem Church and let them throw out skirmishers. Halt the rest of the brigade here. Good-afternoon, Mr. Jennings," he continued, in civil acknowledgment of the Virginian's salutation. "I thought you were home by this time."

"I sent the wagon that way, general," was the prompt answer, "but I looked to see some kinsfolk hereabouts, and-the wagon won't go beyond Groveton if there's trouble ahead. Those niggers are more scared o' shootin' than they are of ghosts, Yet I'd hoped to reach Judge Armistead's

"Better think twice! If those troopers are some of Stuart's-scouting-they might hold you for examination." But the general's eyes were following the column as he spoke. Evidently he was more interested in the choice of the regiment to be sent to the right front than in the fortunes of the Virginian. A smile crossed his face as, a moment later, the Sixth turned out of column, and silently he reined his horse to the right, and, followed by a party of six, all told, including orderlies, rode away on the flank. Jennings, finding himself unhindered, ambled in their tracks until, half a mile out, they reached the fork of the road. Northward lay the dun-colored route to the stone house and Sudley Springs; westward, or a little north of west, the winding roadway to Gainesville and the gaps. For a moment the tall civilian sat irresolute, then clapped his heels into his lean charger's ribs and went sputtering after the chief.

"General," said he, coming alongside, "I want to say one thing, suh, and it's thisthat young gentleman of your staff was so kind to Dr. Chilton that it completely staggered the doctor to have him knocked down and captured. He's bound to take the best there. Blenker's big division has gone to of cayuh of him till he's well enough to

"Well, and then, Mr. Jennings?" asked the general, impatiently, for he was eager "You look out for his turning up any day!

If he ain't exchanged I'm bettin' somethin' else will happen." "My understanding is that Dr. Chilton has made himself personally responsible

for Mr. Benton's safe-keeping so long as he's allowed to remain with him-" "That's true, I reckon," answered Jennings. "But," and here his lantern jawa

relaxed in whimsical grin, "the doctor ain't four months later, this much-discussed and eral. The girl that planned young Ladue's as yet little-known Jackson was, with such | escape from your fellows at Henry house may play it on Ewell's folks at Gawd'ns-

"So you know Ewell's at Gordonville!" said the general, whirling suddenly on the speaker. "And you know the lady who got "Gettin' another fella out o' one-yes.

suh." answered Jennings, unflinchingly. "And she made a big play that night to

Not one shot alone, but two, three, in quick succession. Somewhere ahead, among Then came the distant sound of half a sputter of a ragged volley. At long range, back: "This way, captain-lively! Double

Evidently Haskell had sighted some of the quarry, and closer at hand than those where among the thickets to the left of

from the deploying blue coats on the westward flank. All on a sudden, scrambling through the bushes, they had tumbled over a little squad of troopers in gray, making heroic effort to carry off a helpless comrade. The general and his aids had spurred in with the skirmishers, and were just in time to see two riderless horses tearing away among the trees across an open glade, while half a dozen daring, devoted fellows in saddle were stoutly interposing between the forward rush of the excited Badgers and three of their number surrounding and supporting a tall officer who had been lifted sideways to the back of a plunging, snorting, frightened steed, but who seemed fainting and powerless to help himself-or them. "Halt!" "Halt!" "Dismount!" "Surrender!" rang the hoarse shouts of the dozen blue coats dashing in pursuit. Bang! Bang! came the defiant response of the few defenders. Bang! Bang! at 2:30 o'clock after considering the two bellowed a brace of Springfields in reply, ill aimed, God be praised, in the thrilling | time. The jury in finding Caldwell guilty excitement of the moment. It seemed cruel -savage-to shoot down such gallant fellows in their hopeless deed of devotion. general. "Don't shoot!" "Don't shoot!" echoed the staff, for the luckless cavalier, reeling in his seat, went sliding into the arms of his loyal followers, while the devil at the reins and striving to break away. in the case of the wife. "Dismount;" "Down with you!" "Off with you!" cried the pursuers, officer and man, as another terrified horse tore, wildly neighing, in chase of the foremost. It was a desperate effort on part of the grays. Their comrade troopers were too far off to help them, even could they drive through the stout skirmish line already far flung across the field beyond. With a last wave of his white hand the officer seemed ordering his defenders to save themselves, and those in saddle, with parting shots and defiant yells -one of them even hurling in rage his emptied revolver at the tall adjutant, the foremost man in the rush-darted away, bending low over the streaming manes, with the bullets of half a score of Springfields whizzing past their ears, and only a sad-faced, silent little trio knelt about the fallen soldier as, panting and triumphant, the boys in blue came thronging round them.

The adjutant was off his big, raw-boned bay in an instant, and, bending over the fainting man, unscrewed the cap of flask and held it to the pale lips beneath the sweeping mustache. "A major, hey?" he said, as he noted the brilliant braids of gold lace on the handsome uniform frock. "What is a major doing out here with only a squad of you boys?" and something like pity shone in his kindling eyes as he looked up at the beardless, clear-cut young face of the captured trooper nearest him. Two of the three could not have been more than seventeen, but never a word of complaint did they utter-not a syllable did either speak in reply.

"What have you, Haskell?" inquired the black-bearded general, riding in through the group of eager, almost sympathetic sol-"Don't know yet, general," was the an-

swer, as a faint quiver ran through the prostrate form. "He can't speak for himself, and these young-veterans won't." "Is he wounded?" asked the chief. "Surely you can tell us that," he added, present-

ly, as he glanced at the two silent striplings in gray. Then at last one of them faced the commander. "Horse fell, suh-rolled on him-broke his

leg," said he, with a salute that told unerringly of soldier teaching; so, too, did the speaker's pose. Instinctively he was standing at attention. He knew the rank betrayed by that yellow sash. "Give this young gentleman a sip from

your flask, Haskell; I fear he's-why, my lad, you're wounded! Look to him, some of you!" cried the general, for the boy had grown ashen pale and was reeling when strong arms caught and lowered him.

"Sure, general. He's shot through the breast," said a bearded soldier, tearing aside the trooper's jacket and displaying a blood-wet shirt beneath.

general. "That's the way with them. Send for a surgeon, captain." And then the general, too, was off his horse and bending over the stricken lad. "Do you know his name-and home?" he asked of the palefaced young Virginian standing, trembling a bit with excitement, beside him. The lad flushed, looked distressed, embarrassed, but seemed to believe it his soldier duty to give no information whatever to the ene my. It was Jennings who spoke, his voice breaking harshly, somehow, on the silence of the surrounding group, as he elbowed a way through the curious circle and caught

sight of the swooning boy. "I know him, general. He's one of our best, suh," and now Jennings, too, had thrown himself upon his knees. "It's Floyd Pelham, suh, of Charlottesville. It'll break his mother's heart, suh, if he's done for." The wail in the Virginian's voice seemed to catch the ear and rouse the faculties of

the reviving officer. "Who's that-done for?" he faintly asked "Not Floyd Pelham?" And, bracing his hands upon the turf, he struggled to a sitting posture while Jennings sprang to his feet and stared.

"Major Lounsberry! Good God, suh, you wounded, too? Why, I'd no idea-" "No idea, I suppose," interposed the major, with cutting, sarcastic emphasis, "that your friends, the Chiltons, had turned that Yankee lieutenant loose. Well, you needn't rejoice, gentleman, we've got him again-

and right in the teeth of his own brigade!" [To be Continued To-morrow.]

Girls' Industrial School.

The Girls' Industrial School will not meet as usual on Saturday afternoon at Tomlinson Hall on account of the Deaconess fair. This is the second Saturday in succession the school has been deprived of the use of the hall. Many of the ladies of the school will be in different parts of the city on Wednesday, Nov. 26, to receive Thanksgiving donations.



KEPT HIS WORD. Wife-Why, Henry, what are you doing Henry-I promised the doctor that I would sit under a cold shower every m

CALDWELL FOUND GUILTY

HE WILL, HOWEVER, ANSWER ONLY

FOR MANSLAUGHTER.

The Jury Considered the Cases for Many Hours-No Verdict in Case of Mrs. Caldwell-Court Cases.

The jury in the Caldwell murder trial returned a verdict of guilty of manslaughter in the case of William Caldwell, and reported that it was unable to agree on the guilt of Belle Caldwell yesterday afternoon cases from 5:30 o'clock Tuesday until that of manslaughter surprised many of the attaches of the court, who expected a verdict of murder in the second degree from the "Don't shoot! Hold your fire!" yelled the length of time taken to consider the case. In Mrs. Caldwell's case there was said for manslaughter, but that little opposition was so persistent that a compromise of the jurors on the degree of guilt of of a horse whirled round, tugging, straining | the husband resulted in the disagreement

Caldwell is liable to a rom two to twenty-one years in the State Prison and this sentence will be passed doubtful if Mrs. Caldwell will be tried again, as the state's attorneys think that after the conviction of one of the principals in the crime. She will probably be reeased after a motion by the State to nollie the indictment against her is entered. Caldwell's attorneys are not much disappointed at the verdict and no motion for a new trial is expected in his case.

C. B. FLETCHER'S ESTATE.

A Final Report Filed by the Administrator.

Jesse Fletcher, administrator of the estate of Charles B. Fletcher, deceased, submitted a report of his trust to the probate commissioner yesterday. He reported that the cash accounts of the trust, after the payments of debts amounting to \$28,903.63 from the amount of cash on hand, \$118,-746.97, left a balance of \$89,838.34. This sum, with personal property and family helris and real estate held by the testator of the will, has been divided among the five children, Charles B., jr., Matthew, Elizabeth, Jesse, jr., and Lillian, heirs

Damage Case Remanded Back. The decision of the Appellate Court in reversing the decision of Judge McMaster. of the Marion Superior Court, in the case of Susan Carnahan against the Adams Express Company, was remanded back to the Superior Court yesterday. The litigation has been in the courts for some time. The original contention of the plaintiff was that the express company was liable for \$300 damages because of the loss of a pair of diamond earrings by the company in y given as \$100 by a sister who expressed the jewelry from Chicago. Judge McMaster held that the express company was liable for the value of the property, but the Ap-

pellate Court reversed the decision and at-

tached the costs of the case to the plaintiff.

Barrett Law Case. The decision of the Marion Superior Court

in the case of the American Bond Company, trustee, against Allie Blakely, was reversed by the Appellate Court in a decision handed down yesterday. The versal of the lower court's decision upholds the statute providing that the failure to pay an installment of a street-improvement assessment on which advantage of the Barrett law has been taken makes the property owner liable to a lien on the property. The case in contention was based by the bond company on the payment of the installment in January, when it was due in the November preceding. About \$500 was involved in this case.

Appeal Dismissed.

The appeal from the decision of the Marion county Criminal Court, in the case of the State against Frank M. Wright, was dismissed by the Supreme Court yesterday. The State appealed from the ruling of "And wouldn't show it," answered the the Criminal Court in quashing the indictment against Wright for an alleged violation of the "bottle" law of 1897. dictment was quashed because it did not state that Wright had filled the seven bottles of the Indianapolis Brewing Company with the intention to defraud the owner of the bottles. The court did not discuss the constitutionality of the law, which protects the label rights of bottlers of liquors.

Wilhelmina Schwier's Will.

Mrs. Schwier disposed of her real estate, a farm near the city, and her personal property by airecting that it be sold and the amount of money realized from the sale among her children. Christian Schwier, a son is left \$5 and his brother Henry \$500. The other children, William, Charles, Henry and Carrie, are to receive equal shares in the personal property and farm machinery included in the estate.

McGinniss Will Go Free.

Eugene McGinniss, colored. who jointly indicted with Joseph Spalding. ored, and now a prisoner in the State Prison for life, will be released from the county iail and not tried for the murder of Raphael Compitello, an Italian, committed last July. Prosecutor Ruckelshaus yesterday entered a motion to nollie the indictment against McGinniss, and the motion was sustained by Judge Alford. McGinniss has been confined in the jail since the murder.

Trial of a Damage Suit.

The suit of Russell J. Armstrong against John J. Cooper for damages is still on trial before a jury in Room 3 of the Superior Court. The case has been on trial for the last five days and the testimony of expert witnesses and arguments of the attorneys consume much of the time. When this case is finished Judge Carter will hear the testimony in the Indianapolis Drop Forging Company's suit against the local machin-

Mrs. Finkelstein's Suit.

The case of Esther Finkelstein against the Firemen's Fund Insurance Company was heard by a jury in Judge Leathers's court yesterday. Mrs. Finkelstein's suit the daily ration of whisky to enlisted men grew out of a disagreement over the adjustment of the damages to her property on Russell avenue by fire last February. The policy was not paid because of some contention as to the ownership of the personal property damaged by the fire.

Virgil Day and Wife on Trial. Virgil Day and his wife, Mary Day, were tried yesterday in Police Court on the charge of cruelly treating their eightmonths' old child. Little evidence was adduced against the couple. Judge Stubbs took the case under advisement until Saturday. He scored Mrs. Day for giving her child away. The baby is now with the Board of Children's Guardians.

> THE COURT RECORD. SUPERIOR COURT.

Room 1-John L. McMaster, judge. Alfred Clark vs. John Layton et al.; mechanie's lien. On trial by court. Walter Hubbard vs. Robert Booker et al. appeal. Finding and judgment for plaintiff against defendant John Williams for \$38.61 and costs in court below. Judgment against plaintiff for costs in this court. Room 2-James M. Leathers, judge. Este Bull vs. George W. Stout. Evidence

heard and argument concluded. Jury returned verdict for defendant. Ester Finkestein vs. Fireman Fund Insurance Company; policy. On trial by Room 3-Vinson Carter, judge.

Louis C. Schmoe vs. John W. Kealing et al; mechanic's lien. Dismissed and costs Russell Armstrong vs. John J. Cooper; damage suit. On trial by jury, NEW SUITS.

Hannah Smith vs. Elizabeth Smith; judgment of \$4,000. Circuit Court. Joseph W. Selvage vs. Charles C. Kist- | the TOTA WITH ADVERTISING BULLETIN



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ner; judgment for \$200. Superior Court. cants at home or in the saloon. Susie Karstetter vs. William B. Kar-

HIGHER COURTS' RECORD.

stetter; divorce. Superior Court, Room

SUPREME COURT. State of Indiana vs. Wright, Marion C. C. Dismissed, Monks, J.-Under Section \$650b Burns, 1901, a person is not guilty of an offense for filling or causing to be filled any bottle or syphon with beer, unless it is done with the intent to defraud the owner or owners of such bottle or syphon. 3809. Franklin vs. Lee. Vanderburg S. Petition to transfer to Supreme Court de-

APPELLATE COURT.

American Bond Co. vs. Blakely Marion S. C. Reversed. Roby, J.-Where lot owner in the city of Indianapolis signed a waiver and exercised his option to pay ments and failed to pay when due one installment, payable on the first Monday in November, but paid the amount of the installment in the January following, before any action had begun, notwithstanding such payment and its acceptance by the city treasurer the lien may be foreclosed for the entire amount of the assessment. 4468. Herbert vs. Riepertus. Vanderburg Dismissed under Rule 36 3809. Franklin vs. Lee. Vanderburg S. Petition to appeal denied.

THE LIQUOR LAWS.

A Veteran Observer Tells Why They Are Not Enforced.

To the Editor of the Indianapolis Journal: In discussing this question we shall honest and candid, telling the truth, and nothing but the truth, though it may be neediessly painful in some cases to tell the whole truth. We find no difficulty in simple reason that a majority of the people are not thieves, neither are they in collusion with thieves, profiting by the vio-

lation of the rights of property. The very small boy who steals a bit of brass, worth a nickel, or the bigger boy who steals a wheel, or the man who steals a horse, is promptly arrested if caught in the act. but, if not so caught, experienced detectives are put on his track, often at great exer thieves nor the accomplices of thieves. habit spans more than three-quarters of a century the outlook of to-day is not, however, altogether discouraging. Threequarters of a century ago, we were a nation of drunkards. The popular thought of the period was that whisky and its near happiness as food, and everybody, with here and there a rare exception, drank. The only standard of limitation was sufficient self-control to retain the power of locomotion, and everybody sold it who could prove a sufficiently good moral character to be intrusted with the business. and no charge was made for the license, except enough to cover the necessary fees wretchedness and crime this habit engendered. There is nothing like it now except in the sium quarters of great cities. A decade later men and women began to cease the habit of drinking and in another decade a wave of reform had so swept over the land that drunkards were rare and social and domestic drinking in cultured society was rare, and men and women of every rank joined hands in reforming those who had acquired the habit of drinking and in preserving the young from the vice. There seemed to be but one impediment in the way of social purity, and that was the saloon. The people were in a frame of mind, in many places, to forbid its existence, and to enforce their which the majority were non-drinkers.

prohibition. There was no difficulty in enforcing prohibition in any community in This was the social condition when the civil war came. That at once suspended all special efforts in the cause of temperance at home, and played havoc with it in the army. Though, in accord with the prevailing opinion of the period, Congress so amended army regulations that was discontinued when the flower of the young men entered the army, officers still had access to it, and many who had been conspicuous at home in the temperance work became drunkards and returned home moral wrecks, several chaplains barely escaping ruin. What with the suspension of temperance work at home and this introduction of drinking habits in the social stratum which these army officers occupied, a new era of social and saloon dramdrinking was inaugurated, which has grown to the extent that a total abstainer in any rank of society is now the exception, instead of the rule, as it was when the war began. Not only do men drink at home, but they patronize the saloon. For a while those who could afford it patronized the bars in the principal hotels, but this was expensive, hence they clubbed together to furnish private bars at their club rooms. which, being operated without license and at prime cost to members of the club, made indulgence much cheaper. Only a few have any idea of how many of the club rooms, with club bars, are maintained in even such a city as Indianapolis, for instance, and they are of every conceivable rank, from the gilded palace, with its sumptuous lunch at fancy prices to the "joint," with its cheap free lunch and cheap whisky or beer; but most of all would it surprise the unsophisticated to see how many of these club men are conspicuous in the most fashionable churches in the city, and some of the women's clubs are not without liquid refreshments of an intoxicating kind at club entertainments. This is the social condition we have to expect when we undertake to enforce the liquor laws. The police dare not hold the unlicensed "joint" to account lest the

joint" manager compels them to take

liquor

being the truth, but not the whole truth, it is obvious to every intelligent man that anything more than an occasional spas modic enforcement of the liquor laws is moral impossibility. The police are not to blame; the sentiment back of the police is responsible, and that only. They are not to invade the unlicensed club room; why should they invade the haunts of But is this to continue forever? Are we

drifting back to the standard of three-quarters of a century ago? By no means. God is not dead. There are surface ebbs in every rising tide. The apparent recession of a wave may surprise a careless observer, but the tide moves on to high tide mark notwithstanding the dashing about of the waves that are affected by winds. Some day, not far distant, the attention of preachers and others will be directed to the sin of dram-drinking, instead of devoting sermons and lectures wholly to the crime of dram-selling, and parents will see that the seeds of dissipation are not sown around the family hearthstone. It is not the saloon exclusively, or even chiefly, that so many closets in the form of drunken sons and sons-in-law. Home drinking and drinking in club rooms and drug stores are chief in these causes that have led to these sorrows. But drug stores and club rooms are not all; the family grocery comes in for no small share. The empty bottle sent to the grocery tells a tale that signifies much, and a spell of sick headache soon after the meeting of the euchre club points to a school of dissipation, and tells why the liquor laws are not enforced. This backward step, which began with the war period, has been much promoted by our vociferous clamor for legal protection and outside help in a duty that is almost purely individual and personal. The pulpit and the rostrum have clamored for prohibition all these thirty years, with hardly a whisper about total abstinence, the only sure preventive of drunkenness, and some of us have segregated ourselves into a little band of very good people who,

without a party behind it, have formed a party which, in thirty years, has already mustered 3 per cent. of the voters. If a enforcement of a law, how long, at this rate, before the liquor laws will be en-U. L. SEE.

THE DOUGHFACE.

proclaiming that no law can

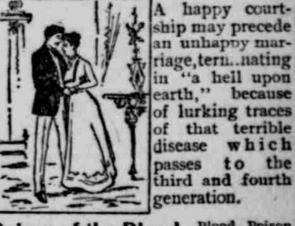
Indianapolis, Nov. 18.

This Writer Sees Indications of the Return of a Vicious Character.

Mr. U. L. See no doubt remembers very well indeed the "doughface" of the ante-war days. He was a vicious fellow, weak, rather; and may be from that more than from a deliberate purpose to work mischief, very dangerous. For he dawdled with bated breath and whispering humbleness about the arrogant slaveholder, and so, more i than any other one agent, was responsible for the troublesome times that preceded for making out the papers. It would be the war, and at last for the war itself. impossible to exaggerate the poverty and | We had thought that the war buried him for all eternity, but it seems that he has only been hypnotized. For signs have for some time been visible of his resuscitation; in the assurance of some of our Southern States that the penalty prescribed by the supreme law of our land for the disfranchisement of sections of their citizens will not, cannot be inflicted, for instance; and that the dreadful child labor conditions down that way will not be interfered with because the money interests that would be affected are chiefly of the North. For the "doughface" was a Northern imp, and is to occupy his old quarters, or so Mr. S. thinks, it appears, from his statement in this morning's Journal, that no prudent Republican would vote for the repeal of the anti-canteen law, as "the Prohibitionists would be only too glad to have him" do; which last clause is a very peculiar and somewhat compromising proposition, by the way, as it amounts to a statement that the Prohibitionists would gladly have what they hold to be evil brought about in the hope-we may assume, though Mr. See does not directly say so-that what they hold to be good may prevail; and that without any regard whatever for the opinions of the vast majority of their fellow-citizens, Isn't there a touch of the spirit of anarchy in that? Of course, Mr. See does not mean it so, but isn't it there? And as for that isn't the fanatic who would accomplish his end by any means, without regard for anything whatever but the accomplishment of his end, whether he be a Prohibition or any other sort of fanatic, isn't he always

essentially an Anarchist? The fact is that by far the larger number of the really good people-not to mention the more or less bad-whether of Mr. See's friends or strangers to him, do not accept the dictum of the Prohibitionist that the temperate, that is, that any and all use of alcoholic beverages is inherently wicked. The intemperate use of them is destruction, everybody knows, and it may well be that if they were used only in remedial ways it would be better for all: though, as for that, even the doctors dis It is probable enough, in view of the re-

vivification of the doughface, that Mr. See's absolute assertion that the anti-canteen law will not be repealed will be sustained But everybody who knows anything about it knows that as men now are upon the earth it will be better for the army to reestablish the canteen. And quite beyond that on the line of practicable reform. venture to assert that if the church as a unit would but establish a church canteen on lines modified from the army canteen as experience might teach, it would in a decade effect more of good for the intemperate and more of evil for the saloon than the fanatical Prohibitionist will ever accomplish , whether by legal or other means, or the church either, working as knowledge of the unlicensed club room so she has hitherto worked and now works. ilberally patronized by religious (?) people, while these approve the leniency the police show their near of kin, the "joint." Now, hardly to catapults, and she will accombine the police show their near of kin, the "joint." Now, hardly to catapults, and she will accombine the police of the kind, for her mind is not open to suggestions, hardly to catapults, and she will accombine the police of the kind, the police of the kind, and the police of the kind, the when we come to count votes, these club plish nothing for temperance. Neither will people and the other violators of the fanatical Prohibitionist. And this is law vastly outnumber not prophecy, neither, but the teaching of



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xperience. Nevertheless, the temperate are enlarging their borders, and will drug the church and the fanatic along in their wake to something higher and better, as has been their custom in the past.